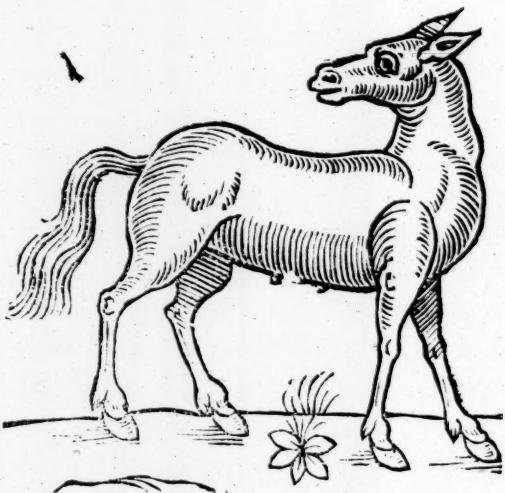


THE FOUR-LEGG'D QUAKER,

To the Tune of the DOG and Elder's MAID,

Or, the LADY'S FALL.



All that have two or but one Eare,
(I dare not tell ye half)
You of an *Essex* Colt shall hear
Will shame their very Calf.
In *Horsley* Fields neer *Colchester*
A *Quaker* would turn Trooper;
He caught a Foal and mounted her
(O base!) below the Crupper.
*Help, Lords and Commons, once more help,
O send us Knives and Daggers!
For if the Quakers be not gelt,
Your Troops will have the Staggers.*

RALPH GREEN (it was this Varlet's name)
Of *Colchester* you'll swear,
For thence the four-legg'd Elder came,
Was ever such a Pair!
But though 'twas foul 'tween *Smash* and *Jane*,
Yet this is ten times worse,
For then a Dog did play the Man,
But Man now play'd the Horse.
Help, &c.

The Owner of the Colt was nigh,
(Observing their Embrace)
And drawing neerer did espie
The *Quaker's* forrell Face:
My Foal is ravish'd (then he cries,
And fiercely at him ran)
Thou Rogue, I'll have thee halter'd twice,
As Horse and eke as Man!
Help, &c.

Ah Devill, do'st thou tremble? now
'Tis fore against thy will;
For Mares and preaching Ladies know
Thou hast a Colt's tooth still:
But mine 's not guilty of this Fact,
She was by thee compelled;
Poor thing, whom no man euer Backt
Thou wickedly hast Bellied.
Help, &c.

O Friend (said *GREEN*, with sighs and groans)
Let this thy wrath appease!
(And gave him then eight new half-Crowns
To make him hold his peace)
The man reply'd, though I for this
Conceal thy Hugger Mugger,
Do'st think it lawfull for a Piece
A Filly Foal to Buzzer?
Help, &c.

The Master saw his Colt defil'd,
Which vext his soul with doubt;
For if his Filly prov'd with Childe
He knew All would come out:
Then he afresh began to rave,
(For all his Money-taking)
Neighbours, said he, I took this Knave
I'th very Act of *Quaking*!
*Help, Lords and Commons, once more help,
O send us Knives and Daggers!
For if the Quakers be not gelt,
Your Troops will have the Staggers.*

Then to the Pinfold (Gaol I mean)
They dragg'd him by the Mane,
They call'd him Beast, and call'd her Quean;
As if she had been *Fane*.
O stone him (all the Women cry'd)
Nay Geld him (which is worse)
Who scorn'd us all and took a Bride
That's Daughter to a Horse!
Help, &c.

The Colt was silent all this while,
And therefore 'twas no Rape,
The virgin Foal he did beguile,
And so intends to scape:
For though he got her in a Ditch
Where she could not revolt,
Yet he had no *Scot'sh* Spurr nor Switch
To ride the willing Colt.
Help, &c.

O *Essex*, *Essex*, *England's* pride,
Go burn this long-tayl'd Quean,
For though the *Thames* runs by thy side,
It cannot wash thee clean!
'Tis not thy Bleating Son's complaints
Hold forth such wanton courses,
Thy Oysters hint the very Saints
To horn the very Horses.
Help, &c.

Though they salute not in the Street
(Because they are our Masters)
'Tis now reveal'd why *Quakers* meet
In Meadows, Woods, and Pastures.
But Horse-men, Mare-men, all and some
Who Man and Beast perplex,
Not only from East-*Horsley* come,
But from *West-Middle-Sex*.
Help, &c.

Alas you know by Man's flesh came
The *Foul* disease to *Naples*,
And now we fear the very same
Is broke into our Stables;
For death hath stoln so many Steeds
From Prince and Peer and Carrier,
That this new Murrain rather need's
A ** FARRAR* than a Farrier.
Help, &c.

Nay if this *GREEN* within the Walls
Of *Colchester* left forces,
Those Cavaliers were Cannibals,
Eating his humane Horses!
But some make Man their second course,
(In cool Blood will not spare)
Who butcher Men and favour Horse
Will couple with a Mare.
Help, &c.

This Centaur, unquoth Other thing,
Will make a dreadfull Breach:
Yet though an Ass may Speak or * Sing,
O let not Horses Preach!
But Bridle such wild Colts who can
When they'll obey no Summons,
For things begot 'tween Mare and Man
Are neither Lords nor Commons.
Help, &c.

O Elders, Independents too,
Though all your Power's combin'd,
Quakers will grow to strong for you
Now Horse and Man are joyn'd:
While Cavaliers, poor foolish Rogues,
Know only Maids Affairs,
Shee-*Presbyters* can deal with Dogs,
And *Quaking* Men with Mares.
Help, &c.

Now as when *Milan* Town was rear'd,
A Monstrous Sow untam'd
With back half Hair half Wool appear'd,
'Twas *Mediolanum* nam'd:
So *Colchester* must have recourse
To some such four-legg'd Sister,
For sure as *Horsley* comes from Horse
From Colt 'twas call'd *Col-chester*.
*Help, Lords and Commons, once more help,
O send us Knives and Daggers!
For if the Quakers be not gelt,
Your Troops will have the Staggers.*

* Physician to
the Earl of
Pembroke, who
is no *Quaker*
nor *Quacker*.

* A new Sort
of young Men
and Women
who pray, eat,
and sing ex
tempore.